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SERVICES AT THE ORDINATION
OF
JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS

AS ASSOCIATE PASTOR WITH

REV. GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D.,

OF
THE FIRST RELIGIOUS SOCIETY IN ROXBURY,

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10TH, 1875.

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SERVICES.



I.

ANTHEM.

CANTATE DOMINO, *Buck.*

O sing unto the Lord a new song ; for he hath done marvellous things.

With his own right hand, and with his holy arm, hath he gotten himself the victory.

The Lord declared his salvation ; his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the house of Israel ; and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands ; sing, rejoice, and give thanks.

Praise the Lord upon the harp ; sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.

With trumpets, also, and shawms, O show yourselves joyful before the Lord, the King.

Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is ; the round world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord ; for he cometh to judge the earth.

With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son. Glory be to thee, O Lord. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

II.

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

By Rev. C. C. EVERETT, D. D.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber.

But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

To him the porter openeth ; and the sheep hear his voice : and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him ; for they know his voice.

And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him ; for they know not the voice of strangers.

I am the door : by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy : I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

I am the good shepherd : the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

But he that is a hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth ; and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.

The hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father : and I lay down my life for the sheep.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

I charge thee, therefore, . . . preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine.

Watch thou in all things; endure afflictions; do the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry.

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith;

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

III.

SELECTION FROM "ST. PAUL," *Mendelssohn.*

How lovely are the messengers that preach us the gospel of Peace. To all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words, throughout all the lands their glad tidings.

IV.

ORDAINING PRAYER.

By Rev. C. C. EVERETT, D. D.

V.

RESPONSE.

BY THE CHOIR.

VI.

ORDAINING ADDRESS.

By Rev. GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D.

The last ordination service in this church was in 1830. It occurred on a week-day, and occupied the entire day. There was a procession, with a band of music, an array of marshals and ushers, and a dinner or banquet at the close. A numerous council was organized of ministers and lay delegates from churches far and near. The council examined the testimonials of the candidate, and passed judgment on his fitness. Some eight or ten of its members were appointed by the body to take the several parts of the services. Of these two still survive, Drs. Dewey and Newell. If the council had not been satisfied with the candidate there would have been no ordination, unless the church or parish had taken the matter into their own hands,

as they had a perfect right to do, according to the law and usage in Congregational churches. The council, however, made no difficulties.

This elaborate method of ordination was almost universal in those days, and is still widely prevalent, with various modifications and curtailments, according to the convenience or the taste of the churches.

Another method of ordination, and one much observed in the early periods of New England history, and never wholly discontinued, is that by which each church ordains its own minister by its own officers, or by one or more of its own members deputed for that duty, the minister-elect usually or frequently preaching the sermon. This method goes upon the theory, stoutly maintained by early Congregational writers, that ordination in its essence consists in the election of the minister and his acceptance, and that the ordaining service, so called, is only a public and solemn recognition of an accomplished fact.

This latter method, recommended by its primitive character and greater simplicity, has been adopted for the present occasion, and the parish authorities have authorized me to ordain my associate in their behalf, with the assistance of our friend from the University, who kindly gives us his countenance and his prayers.

By the authority of this church and society, and in their name and behalf, I ordain you, John Graham Brooks, to the work of the Christian ministry amongst us. We lay upon you the burdens and invest you with the privileges of the pastoral office. We assign to you the appropriate functions of a minister, at the baptismal font, in marriage rites, at the bier of the dead, and at the mourner's side. We place you

at the commemorative table below. We commit the religious instruction of the young in the Sunday-school to your direction. We put you in possession of this pulpit for the free utterance and enforcement of the true and the right and the good, as the spirit of God and your own diligent study shall reveal them to you.

You come as an associate minister. In that relationship I trust you will find nothing to hamper or hinder you, but rather, for a time, longer or shorter, as Providence shall order, something for your assistance and relief. I will endeavor to be your helper, or, if you prefer to put it so, you shall be mine. At any rate, however we put it, there must be between you and me no clashing of aims or methods, and no separate or rival interests in anything that concerns the prosperity, harmony, and edification of this people.

We will not insult your manhood by pretending to ordain you to a life of repose on a bed of roses, or of lounging in the easy-chair of dignified leisure or graceful self-indulgence. You would justly scorn the position, if it were that, and despise yourself for accepting it. The best, the most alluring and animating thing we have to offer you, is a fair field to work in; not a finished garden all rolled and swarded for dainty feet; not ripened fruit to be idly plucked, and ready to melt in your mouth; but a field, like the rest of the world, hard and rough, with stony places in it, and choking thorns sprouting or already grown here and there; a field to be tilled and mellowed, and planted by the hardest, demanding all the work you can put upon it.

We do the best we can for you here in opening to you the opportunity for the strenuous action of all your faculties. The whole world could offer you none larger or better. And I need not remind you that if you shall do your best and

utmost it will be none too much or too good for the position. And when your people, in their grateful, and perhaps admiring, appreciation, shall tell you how well you have done,—while you will be touched with a sense of their indulgence, and cheered by a glimpse of success, it will make you feel how much better it might and ought to have been done, how far short of your ideal and your opportunity you have come; and it will send you to your closet to think in deep but healthful humility how you shall gird up your loins for more earnest exertion and a more deserved success.

I trust there is nothing in what I am saying to alarm or depress you. On the contrary, as far as it goes, it ought to stimulate and encourage you. Do not be afraid of what is before you. Only to a weak and indolent man can it be alarming; not in the least to a resolute and earnest one.

You will find blessed furtherances and sweet encouragements at every step you take. You will find this people ready to take you at your best, and to do full justice, perhaps more than justice, to every good endeavor. They will make liberal allowances for you—all that you need at the outset. They will consider your youth, if I may judge of them by what their fathers and predecessors did in like circumstances. They will not demand of you at once all that wisdom which only the experience of life can bring, or all the weightiness which only the accumulating years can bestow. They will expect, and ought, that you will give to them and to your work among them, not the dribblets of your time, nor the dregs of a mind already fatigued by outside labors and the care of the universe at large, but the best hours of your best days, and the freshness and vigor of your unexhausted powers. They will think, as I am sure you will think, that the best contribution you can make to the interests of truth

and humanity at large is work well done and diligently in this your special sphere—a limited sphere, and yet in a sense how illimitable!

Your people will expect to see in you at once the signs of promise, of growth and strong endeavor; but for the ripened fruit they will patiently wait, knowing, as we all know, that the best things, the things really worth having, always have to be waited for like the full corn in the ear. The puny mushroom, that a baby's hand can crush, attains its feeble perfection in a few hours; while the oak, of which navies are built, requires scores of years for its growth, and is the stronger for the suns and storms of centuries.

Meanwhile they will from the first and always give you a candid and appreciative listening. In your presentment of divine things they will agree with you when they can; and when they cannot they will do the next best thing, and pay the next best compliment,—that of differing from you; and in either case they will be set a thinking, maintaining their own independence and respecting yours, and grateful always to the man who makes them think on the great subjects. Their homes and hearts, and often their most sacred confidences, will be open to you. For any touch of sympathy you give them, in word or act, they will give you back tenfold.

In the sacred Sabbath hours they will receive with eagerness any the least light you may throw upon the problems of life, the counsels of God, and the riches of Christ. Any sentiment, lofty or tender, you shall utter here from a full heart and a living conviction, will spread through all their hearts with a sweet contagion that they could not resist if they would, and would not if they could.

Any thought or word or tone of yours that shall pierce through the crust of selfishness and worldliness, which they

know so well is always gathering stealthily about their consciences and hearts, and shall awaken them to generous aspirings and intents, and a sense of the sacredness of duty, and the wealthiness of love, and the sweetness of charity, and the beauty of holiness,—they will welcome it as the Arctic voyager welcomes the returning sun, as the fields of August welcome the reviving dews. And whenever on the strong pinions of vital, fervent prayer, such as goes down to the very issues of all lives, you shall be able to lift them above themselves and away from their idols, lift yourself and them up into the realm of the eternal verities, up to the gates of heaven, up to the mercy-seat of God, and into the bosom of the Heavenly Father; they will feel it, aye, the hardest and the coldest of them will feel it, as a supreme benefaction, which they will gratefully remember, and perhaps the very hour of it and the place of it, as long as they live. What more or better would you have? With such opportunities and possibilities before you, you cannot be faint-hearted, but only brave and hopeful.

I might use the occasion for giving unlimited practical advice. But private occasions will serve better for that. I think it would be unseasonable and impertinent now. For it must be that at this solemn crisis of your life, at this initial point of your chosen career—this new point of departure, for which all your previous years have been a preparation, and to which all your coming ones will be the sequel,—it must be in such an hour that your soul, all astir and aglow with the inspirations of God, is listening to wiser and holier counsels than can be written or spoken in earthly language. Now, if ever, the great aspirations from which all good things in man do proceed must be kindling, swelling, mounting within you; and those high resolves which deter-

mine life and character to noble ends are taking fixed shape and hardening into adamant. Now there comes to you, breathed into your inner ear, the Saviour's tender and pleading question to another, with its attendant commandment, "Simon Peter, lovest thou me?" And to your inner and uplifted eye there appears, as it were, the prophet's roll, unfolding out of heaven, and written over, within and without, with soft appeals and solemn injunctions to a consecrated life and a faithful ministry. If it be so with you, that is true anointing and the effective ordination; and all else, all we can say or do, is empty form and conventionality. While the living God is thus by His great inspirations teaching you at first hand, any poor saws and maxims of ours would be but a superfluity and an interruption. While the Holy Spirit is dealing with you, a mortal man had best be silent.

I beg you, in conclusion, to accept my cordial assurances of welcome and congratulation.

Let us join hands for one moment in pledge of fellowship and brotherhood, of mutual sympathy and helpful and single-hearted coöperation.

And let me add my best wishes for the realization of the bright prospects of this hour. And let my good wishes reach beyond the purple and gold of an aspiring and hopeful youth-time, and beyond even the prosperities and successes of manhood's strong maturity. Let them stretch on to a period which you are not likely to be thinking of, but which I may well think of—the far distant period when all these elders of the congregation, who are receiving you to-day with such parental cordiality, have become to you but a far-off, albeit an ever vivid and tender remembrance; when the strong men who gather round you now shall all have

passed down the vale and out of sight; when even of your coevals but here and there one will remain, and their children and their children's children shall constitute your flock; and when time, the all-subduer, with a heavy yet not unkindly hand, shall have laid its weight of infirmities on yourself, when the almond tree shall flourish and the grasshopper be a burden, when limbs and lips shall falter, when even these pulpit stairs, that you could clear at a bound to-day, shall have become a weariness to your feet, and your voice, resonant now with the glorious vigor of youth, shall labor to reach yonder walls with its feeble tones—when that day comes, and long and late be its coming to you,—then may the good God grant you those beautiful and ample compensations which He knows so well how to provide. May He surround you with troops of loyal, life-long friends, cushion you about with sympathies and kindnesses and grateful memories, lap you softly amid the tender endearments of close and home-bound relationships, and make you even then a welcome and cherished presence in large circles of affection and pleasant companionship. May He make the twilight of your life as soft and tranquil, if not so bright, as its radiant noon. May He, as He surely can, make your last days your best days, and the end better than the beginning. This is my prayer for you. Your honored teacher at your side prays it with me, and all the people—my people, your people—are saying in their hearts, Amen.

VII.

ORDINATION HYMN, *Frothingham.*

[Sung at the ordination of Rev. GEORGE PUTNAM, July 7, 1830.]

O God, whose presence glows in all
 Within, around us, and above!
 Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
 Whose word is truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed
 Of all who seek this sacred place;
 With power proclaimed, in peace received,
 Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
 To keep us meek, and make us free;
 And throw its binding blessing more
 Round each with all and all with thee.

Direct and guard the youthful strength
 Devoted to thy Son this day;
 And give thy word full course at length
 O'er man's defects and time's decay.

VIII.

SERMON.

By REV. JOHN G. BROOKS.

My text has its complete expression, not in a single verse, but in the opening paragraph of the *thirteenth chapter* of John's Gospel.

It describes a little company that has gathered for supper; but the meal is now at an end. The public ministry of Jesus is also closed. He has called together this circle of his special friends and helpers, to tell them still further of truths which they had as yet but imperfectly apprehended. They seem, hitherto, to have grasped only the surface realities of his mission. With such uncertain knowledge he cannot

leave them. Here and now they must be taught the deeper truth. There is no moment to lose, for the shadow of the cross has touched the sacred heart, and Jesus knows that a few fleet-footed hours will bring him to his death.

What has been the subject of conversation we cannot tell. There must have been an exhibition of selfishness, although it has been the one object of the Master to suppress this spirit of self-seeking among his followers. Yet, even *now*, as he feels the chill of the final tragedy that takes him from them, these petty jealousies leap up as if to give the *lie* to all his life instructions.

We see, as we look upon this word-picture of the loved disciple, that the thought of Jesus has taken wing, and lifted to its native heaven of light and strength. All seem confounded as by the statement of some truth utterly beyond their comprehension. His words, to these Galilean fishermen, are like a foreign tongue; hence Jesus adopts a different method of instruction. It was his old and familiar method, that is, by doing *himself* what he would have others do. The dullness of his followers brings from his lips no word of reproach; but in silence the Master rises from the table, casts off the outer garment, and, according to the custom of servants, girds himself with a towel.

The disciples are speechless with surprise. He fills a basin with water, and stoops to the washing of their feet,—a duty of the lowest menial. Several of the disciples seem to have been dumb in their acquiescence. But he comes at length to one of their number who is not accustomed to brook his thought. Peter exclaims: “Dost *thou* wash *my* feet?” The silence of the Master is broken: “What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.” The brusque Peter will not suffer this degradation of his Lord:

"Thou shalt never wash my feet." Jesus answered: "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." Instantly, as the new thought dawned upon him, the impassioned disciple cries out: "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head."

This incident contains the thought of my text. In its *practical* aspect, there is no more exalted instruction in the thought of Jesus than this; none that so commandingly and so expressly touches our daily life. It has the true mark of his teaching, for it runs into no details that perish with the hour, but enfolds a principle as eternal as God. Not true in the day of its utterance alone, but true of all the changing vicissitudes of our struggling human life. We each look out upon a little circle of beings about us who are passing their days with most varied success. Some are on the high tide to fortune; others bound in shallows and in miseries. All the emotions that make life joyful or sad are there before us. Hopes, disappointments, raptures, and woes pass our eyes as in a panorama. In this hurrying throng that fills our special sphere, some are falling with no heart to rise; some are stumbling only to rise to a statelier strength; and in all this strange variety we observe two facts that remain forever the same.

First. The NEED, in every individual, of friendly aid and sympathy. Without it no fair hope in life can be realized. Upon such help we all depend for that courage which insures success; and if it be withheld the eye loses its fire, the voice its cheer, and the very hopes of life grow dim and inefficient.

Thus, upon the one side, stands this eternal thirst of the human spirit for fraternal aid and encouragement; upon the other, the complemental fact, which is the *ability* in every human being, in some manner and in some degree, to *answer*

this need,—the ever-present hunger of humanity, together with the *endowment*, not wholly to satisfy, for that is God's, but the power to *alleviate* and *assuage* the craving for help, the aches of heart, and all the countless ills that swarm about us. So universal are these facts that our every comrade has wants which we may lessen; and we too have needs that others may in large measure meet. For no heart is so strong that it has no call for sympathy; nor is any heart so weak that it has no sympathy to give. The great truth illustrated in the text meets us at this point.

We found that the surface meaning of the incident was: Help thy neighbor. But there is nothing peculiar in this. All philosophies and all religions have said it as well. A deeper verity than this is contained in the text. It tells *in what spirit* we are to give our help. It tells us *how* we are to fill the measure of this large duty of rendering succor to those about us; not by gifts of bread or gold necessarily; not necessarily by word or look; no such detail as this. We are to give our aid, thinking only of the *need* that is before us; in self-forgetfulness, desiring no other boon nor recompense than to see the suffering alleviated, the friend cheered, the cause sustained, the hunger, be it of body or spirit, satisfied. More definitely, and nearer still to the thought of Jesus, we are to give our helping hand to him who falters, *as if it were the highest privilege on earth*. Not only are we to serve our fellows in humility, but in a spirit that recognizes the service as the highest and divinest act of life.

Thus do we reach the larger truth,—the truth that dawned upon the mind of Peter as morning breaks upon the night: *the divinity and the sanctity of service*. No fact did Jesus exalt nearer to heaven than this: that, by all expressions of helpfulness to our fellows we are fulfilling the

most kingly duties of the soul. Thus it is no poor figure of speech that the lifting of a cup of cold water to thirsting lips is, *in essence*, the most Godlike of human acts. To make us feel the grandeur of this idea did Jesus wash the disciples' feet, — the grandeur of that joyous service which makes the soul walk in high places, when she is given, however humbly, to those acts of kindness and of love that make all the joys of life more holy, its afflictions more easy to be borne, and every relation to others more hopeful in good results. Upon its practical side this is the most transcendent truth of our religion, It is a principle that makes him divinest who serves most and best.

When we are free from all low self-interest and speak from the ideal within us, we make it the test of all true greatness. Our very standard of noble character is this glad and disinterested service. In all history we yield our loving admiration to those alone whose lives are made fair by this self-forgetting service to others. The Kings of England and the Presidents of the United States take rank in our esteem according as they served their own or others' interests. Froude, as he attempts to reverse public opinion upon the character of Henry VIII. makes this principle of service to others the criterion of worth.

What is it that makes, in the eyes of the nation, the memory of our great war President precious beyond price, save that he gave in modesty of spirit his life to ends beyond his own? And, once more, why have so many different peoples during eighteen hundred years devoutly and reverently knelt at the shrine of him who not only gave the highest utterance to this sweet ministry of mutual helpfulness, but who, beyond all others, *lived* the truth he taught?

If we regard the community, the church, or the tender relationships of the family, the story is the same. In all the variety of our social life it is the inspiration of this great principle that gives dignity and beauty to our human lot. Its sweep is as universal as truth ; its possibilities as boundless as hope.

We have now to consider briefly this ministry of service in its bearing upon a special relation—that of the minister and the people, though I would dwell less upon details than upon the animating thought of the text. This heart-thought of Jesus touches with its life-breath all such relationships as that which this day opens out before us. It gives fire, light, and impulse to all the plans of our common intellect, common sense, and common conscience.

This new relation involves certain responsibilities as sacredly true to minister as to people—duties that lie not alone upon any individual heart, but equally upon all. They are such as spring naturally from our united efforts to attain a certain object. That object we all believe to be, first of all, *worship*. That we may, through the uplifting of our common aspirations, attain a spiritual and religious life, so full of trust, so poised above the fret and fume of this lower world, that it shall be to our darkness and weakness like the light and strength of God.

Toward this end we look. The conditions of a large success are many, a few of which, peculiar to minister and people, I shall attempt to point out. It would seem so obvious as hardly to need comment, that the *first* and *holiest* duty of the minister is that he *live* at his best ; that he abide unfalteringly by the voice of the Divine Spirit within him ; that he live prayerfully and devoutly ; that he give himself altogether to the highest interests of those to whose kindness

he owes his opportunity of doing good. His aim is at least *this*, or it is *nothing*. But more specially he stands before his people in a twofold capacity as preacher and pastor. Which should be first it would be difficult to say, since that preaching that touches the heart and quickens conscience requires first of all a deep, sympathetic knowledge of the people, such a knowledge as comes from an acquaintance with their sorrows and fears, their hopes and joys. Such an acquaintance is due to the minister, as arms are due to the soldier. Without it the very means of helpful service are withheld. This duty is, however, alone with the minister, as confidence will be given him so far as he shows himself worthy to receive it. Thus, although I wish further to emphasize the function of preacher, I hope to be understood clearly in this, that there is no higher duty than the pastor's, none more essential or richer in possibilities; and yet, in an age and community like this, wherein all literature is within easy reach, and the public lecture familiarizes us with the highest discourse, both as to matter and form, we are forced, in spite of ourselves, to bring the sermon into comparison with these things.

We must then allow that unless the minister give his best and highest strength to the sermon he is placed at a disadvantage so unfair that his hopes are slight. To the veteran in the service the case is different; but to one without experience, the freshest hours should go to study. The thoughtful consideration of the people makes this possible; nor is the reasonable fulfilment of the pastor's duty thereby destroyed. Yet are these two functions really at one, and the truest success will rest upon their unity.

It seems almost untimely here and now to make an appeal to the people for confidence, help, and sympathy. I know that so far as I do well the work of my hand such helps will

be granted. And yet, as one in weakness looks for strength, I would, in the simple spirit of the text, ask your instant ministry of service, that under God my poor efforts may avail somewhat in reaching with you the fulfilment of our common hopes.

One request I am constrained to make that I know cannot be premature, namely: for your forbearance; not only for incapacities and mistakes, but for my inability to meet certain wants that are as yet beyond my reach. I see about me those upon whom the evening of life has fallen. A wealth of experience is theirs, which I have not yet known; depths of life and spiritual knowledge that I have not sounded, such as come only from the later harvest.

Before such I cannot fittingly stand as a teacher, but only as a learner. As the child of the poet Herder was wont to call his wise father's attention to beauties that were around him, so would I strive to call your thoughts — when the burdens of the day hang heavily upon you — to whatsoever is highest and holiest in your aspirations; most inspiring and helpful to you in the life of the Master; that through your meditations and prayers these diviner realities may, day by day, become more real, even to the perfecting of your spirits.

The thought of Jesus I can unhesitatingly urge upon you in this regard: that for such necessary shortcomings I have first, your leniency; then, such wise and kindly suggestions as your own completer life affords.

For all such limitations as may here and there mar my work I ask you to extend generously and Christianly the meed of charity. This is the gift that twice blesses, blessing him that gives and him that takes. The task is arduous, coming as I do after one whose career has been like an unhindered victory for all high and noble living — a career in which the

conquest has not only been hundred-handed against all evil, but one in which the strength has been so gently and so wisely used that the eager affection of a multitude has been given as a benediction.

Such a fair success I may not hope to win. But the inspiration of the example is mine, as is his friendly assurance of counsel and guidance, and from these helps I may draw assistance higher than my own. Into the stirring memories which make the past of this church so glorious I cannot, from inexperience, fully enter; yet such inspiriting influences will strengthen as present knowledge lights up the struggles and triumphs of the past.

Such memories as these puts one at his best; so proud a history urges one to his most promising effort; and yet below all this is a call for strength and wisdom to meet the absolute demands of the hour before which one stands not only in humility, but with anxiety and solicitude. I ask, then, this boon of indulgence: that my striving, however weak, may borrow from your sympathies that manliness of purpose, that vigor of heart, before which low aim or failure cannot stand.

There is no power on earth so great as a band of hopeful and courageous hearts that harmonize as perfect music; harmonize so that each one is watchful lest any discord hurt the melody. Our power against evil and for the truth will be nicely proportionate to this cordial unity of purpose and of aim.

Here, then, is the highest opportunity to exercise that principle of service that makes us one with the loftiest impulses of the inspired spirit, so to serve that no disturbing, baneful influence cast its deadly shadow on the hope for whose attainment the church exists.

No interval between our meetings here will pass without giving occasion to us all to fortify the worthy ends of our society. The ways are infinite. It may be by a word of cheer or deed of love, or by the suppression of ungracious strictures upon another, or the effort to quench the unhappy aspersion upon another's name or undertaking. They are too many for our mention; but when our hearts are warmed to this idea of joyous, reciprocal support, when we feel it as Jesus taught it, we shall find that these sweet amenities of Christian fellowship will spring up along our path like the blossoms of early summer.

We shall come to this place hallowed by sanctities too deep for words; by memories that by many of you are spoken only with unsteady voice, and eyes that look through tears, to this place made sacred by those holier realities of life which we do not care to question, knowing well that the lifting of our common aspiration to a common Father kindles in our hearts a light that is not of earth. To this place we are to come by a consent deeper than our own; by an impulse to whose gentle guidance we, in our better moments, submissively yield. We are to come for the accomplishment of the same object; and only by this gracious ministration of each to all and all to each can the object be reached.

This is the succor by which all obstacles are changed to wings, and every hindrance to a help. Then if the minister have this large coöperation, if he do not succeed, he deserves to fail.

If there is to be success, it is not for a part but for the whole; so that the very road to victory lies through this mutual service, which, while it is the divinest attribute of Christianity, is at the same time the most sovereign helper in all good works. May the Infinite Spirit direct and quicken

our every endeavor. May the example of Jesus touch our thought to such newness of life that true service shall be our proudest joy.

“ Thus may we climb to that brave height
Where looms the city of our God.
May he be with us —
Hallowing all our hopes with prayer,
Our mastery steep in meekness ;
Pour on us inspiration’s holy light ;
Hew out for Christ’s dear church
A future without weakness,
Quarried from thine eternal
Beauty, Order, Might.”

IX.

HYMN.

TUNE: “ Federal Street.”

We follow, Lord, where thou dost lead,
And, quickened, would ascend to thee,
Redeemed from sin, set free indeed
Into thy glorious liberty.

We cast behind fear, sin, and death ;
With thee we seek the things above ;
Our inmost souls thy Spirit breathe,
Of power, of calmness, and of love : —

The power ’mid worldliness and sin,
To do, in all, our Father’s will ;
With thee the victory to win,
And bid each tempting voice be still :

The calmness perfect faith inspires,
Which waiteth patiently and long :
The love which faileth not, nor tires,
Triumphant over every wrong.

X.

CONCLUDING PRAYER.

By Rev. WILLIAM NEWELL, D. D.

Before the prayer, Dr. Newell made the following remarks :

Forty-five years ago, seven weeks after my own settlement at Cambridge, I was present at the ordination of your senior pastor, and, at his personal invitation, as well as by the request of the Council, I had the honor and the happiness of giving him, in the name of the assembled churches, and in my own, the Right Hand of Fellowship, and of bidding him welcome to the rewards and encouragements, as well as the labors and trials, of the Christian ministry. I concluded what I then had to say with a brief sentence and a single golden line of Milton, the words of Adam to his heaven-sent colleague, which, as a not unfitting close to this service, I now, an old man, venture to repeat, as a parting charge, to the young minister of this generation, in the hope that it may be as happily answered in his life as it has been in that of my friend, the gifted preacher before him : —

“Stir up the gift that is in thee.

‘For God towards thee hath done *His* part: do *thine*.’”

XI.

DOXOLOGY.

From all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

XII.

BENEDICTION.

